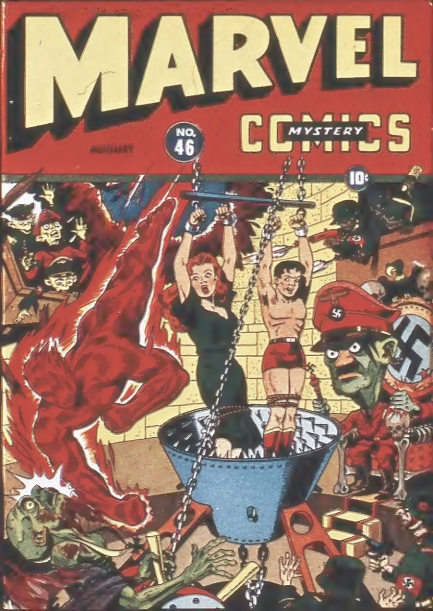
MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
NO. 46
10¢

WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSHPEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING

This Speed-Dry Brush pen with cartoonists' points for straight lines and curves along with a bottle of ink, included free with this offer. [illegible]

You'll be delighted and amazed with the astonishing contents of this announcement . . . you get so much for so little that everything included is almost a gift.

This limited free offer is made to encourage you who are sincere and anxious to learn cartooning. No matter if you never had any previous experience, you will find these instructions so interesting and so simplified, yes it is almost like copying, so that you just learn quickly how to draw the funniest and cartoonist faces. You can master lettering for show cards by just making straight and curved lines through the shortest dot and dash lettering instructions included.

Cartoonists and artists make big money drawing for newspapers, advertisers, magazines, etc. Perhaps you have talent? If you have talent the instructions you get here will help you toward mastering this art and the easy steps which you practice in spare time will help you to make finished cartoon posters and signs. These will make you feel proud and able to prove your talent not only to yourself but to your friends and to possible customers. Think of it, this system is so fast moving and simple that you actually draw faces with the first lesson. No grinding studies and if you act at once we include free with your order a complete patented speed dry brush pen outfit. Remember the SPEED-DRY BRUSH PEN OUTFIT alone is sold for $1.50. So act at once and get yours FREE with your order.

DRAW FOR BIG PAY

ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

Think of it! You actually draw with your very first lesson . . . . Sounds impossible, but it's true because everything has been made so easy and simple. But practice makes perfect. Practice and it won't be long before you, providing you have ability, will be creating and drawing cartoony faces of your own and perhaps making money out of your newly developed talent.

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

You are indeed fortunate to have included with this course, fast-moving illustrated cartoon instructions by the famous Frank Webb. Cartoonist Webb shows you how in four easy steps you can make the funniest faces imaginable. They are so easy to draw that you will be amazed. If you want a career as a cartoonist and artist don't miss this unusual opportunity. . . Let our instructions, equipment along with Frank Webb's great book "How to Make Faces" be your inspiration and perhaps the foundation of your very future.

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You get "How to Make Faces" by Frank Webb, professional drawing paper, sandpaper, pencil sharpening block, art gum eraser, assortment of American made crayons, ruler, Frank Webb cartoon pencil, flexible protractor to help you easily make any designs, 6 inch 30 degree flexible triangle, special instructions and dot and dash lettering system AND if you order at once you get Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit free.

ACT NOW! Rush Coupon . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back.

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ALL THIS INCLUDED

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I accept your special offer. Send your draw and lettering and cartoon instructions with all equipment by return mail. Also include the free Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit. I will deposit $2.98, plus postage with postman. If I am not satisfied I will return within five days for full refund. (Send $2.98 now and save postage, same guarantee.)

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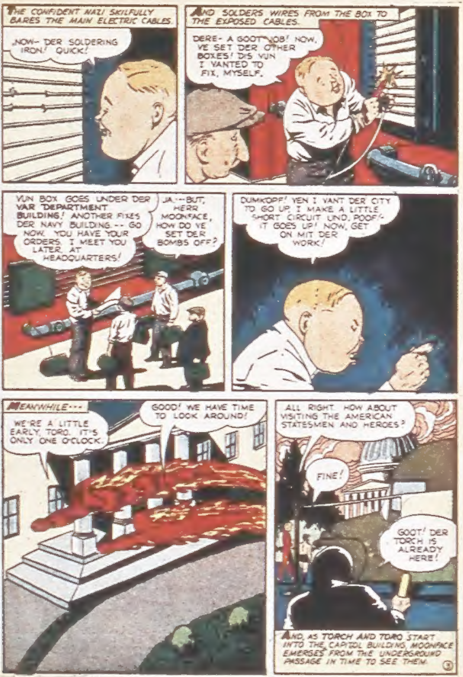
HUMAN TORCH
THE GLASS TUBE OF DEATH

TORCH RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE!
TORCH! THAT WAS STEPHEN EARLY-SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT! WE'RE GOING TO GET A CITATION!
WE ARE? WELL, GEE! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
THE FLAMING SKID HEAD TOWARD WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY.
TORCH, DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH OF AN HONOR THIS IS?
SURE! AND JUST WAIT TILL THE KIDS IN SCHOOL HEAR ABOUT IT!
AND IN A DENSE TRAFFIC IN THE CAPITOL CITY...
LOOK! IT SAYS HERE DOT DER TORCH IS TO GET A MEDAL FOR HIS ACTIVITIES AGAINST DER NAZIES! HMM- TODAY AT FOUR--
SET OUT DER TOOLS FOR DER PLACE.
JA, HERR MOONFACE!
HURRY, DOTS! VE HAVE NOT SO MUCH TIME. IN FOUR HOURS, NOW, VE MUST ACT!
DANGER MEN AT WORK
THE NAZI AGENTS SLIP DOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND CONDUIT...
JA! HERE IS DER PLACE! DAHE VE DER BOT--I VANT DIS PLEASURE, MYSELF!
HERE IS DER BOX!-- IT IS HEAVY!!
AHH! TORCH, VILL NOT STOP DIS! DER DEATH OF AMERICA LIES IN DIS BOX! HAND ME DER CUTTERS UND I MAKE DER PROPER ARRANGEMENTS FOR DIS GREAT MOMENT!


THE CONFIDENT NAZI SKILFULLY BARES THE MAIN ELECTRIC CABLES.
NOW- DER SOLDERING IRON! QUICK!
AND SOLDERS WIRES FROM THE BOX TO THE EXPOSED CABLES.
DERE- A GOOT JOB! NOW, VE SET DER OTHER BOXES! DIS VUN I VANTED TO FIX, MYSELF.
VUN BOX GOES UNDER DER VAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING! ANOTHER FIXES DER NAVY BUILDING -- GO NOW. YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS. I MEET YOU LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS!
JA--BUT, HERR MOONFACE, HOW DO VE SET DER BOMBS OFF?
DUMKOPF! VEN I VANT DER CITY TO GO UP, I MAKE A LITTLE SHORT CIRCUIT UND, POOF!- IT GOES UP! NOW, GET ON MIT DER WORK!
MEANWHILE---
WE'RE A LITTLE EARLY, TORO. IT'S ONLY ONE O'CLOCK.
GOOD! WE HAVE TIME TO LOOK AROUND!
ALL RIGHT. HOW ABOUT VISITING THE AMERICAN STATESMEN AND HEROES?
FINE!
GOOT! DER TORCH IS ALREADY HERE!
AND, AS TORCH AND TORO START INTO THE CAPITOL BUILDING, MOONFACE EMERGES FROM THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE IN TIME TO SEE THEM.
3

IF I KILL THOSE FLAMING FREAKS NOW, I'LL FEEL BETTER ABOUT MY PLANS TO BLOW UP THE CITY!
THE TRUCK STARTS UP AND ROARS DOWN ON TORCH AND TORO.
DIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO LET THEM INTERFERE!
TORO SEES THE AMBIDEXTROUS TRICK.
TORCH! LOOK OUT!
HUH?
THE FLAME-MEN LEAP INTO THE SKY—AND SAFETY!
BAH! I MISSES DEM!
THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT, TORO. GIVE HIM HOT TIRES!
IF YOU SAY SO, TORCH!
TORO DIRECTS A BARRAGE OF FIRE-BALLS AT THE TRUCK...
SUBSTATION
I'LL SAVE THE RUBBER, TORCH, AND STOP HIM MY OWN WAY!

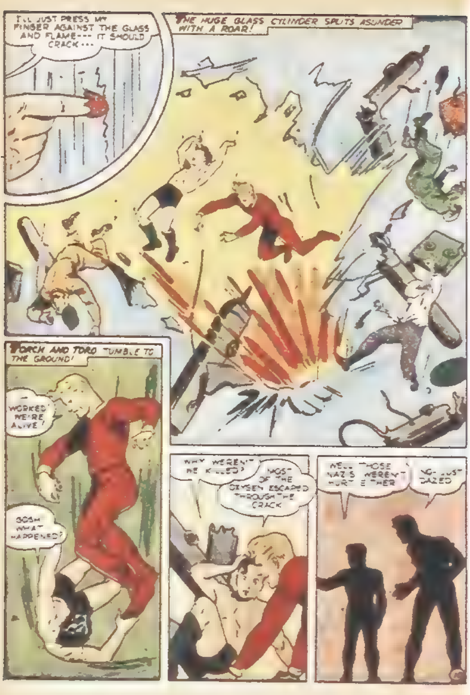
BUT MOONFACE HAS LEAPED OUT OF THE CAB, LEAVING A LUCKLESS ASSISTANT TO TAKE THE BLAME!
DOT IDIOT!-- HE WILL TALK TOO MUCH IF I DON'T STOP HIM!
A SHOT RINGS OUT...
YAHRR--NO--NO, MOONFACE! OOH!
SOME ONE TOOK A SHOT AT HIM!
HOLY SMOKES!
DID YOU SEE WHERE IT CAME FROM?
NO- BUT I THINK IT WAS FIRED BY SOME ONE NAMED MOONFACE!
SAY, TORCH--LOOK! SOME ONE'S HIDING IN THERE!
IT'S THE SNIPER--LET'S GO!
CLOSE, DOT BEAT!
THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY!
SOSH! MOONFACE IS RIGHT!!
DER SEWER! DOT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
THE NAZI DUCKS DOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES HE KNOWS SO WELL··· AND TORCH FOLLOWS.
WHAT A RAT-HOLE! I'LL NEVER FIND HIM HERE! HE MIGHT HAVE GONE A DOZEN WAYS--

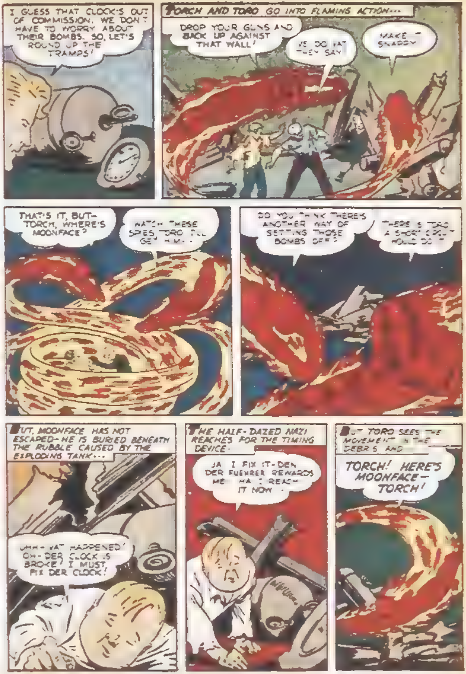
HE GOT AWAY, TORO. TOO MANY TUNNELS DOWN THERE
TOUGH LUCK!
I WONDER WHAT HE WAS UP TO?
I DON'T KNOW- BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING. HE WAS OUT TO KILL US. I'D SAY HE KNEW THOSE SEWER PASSAGES WELL AND THEY ALL LEAD TO IMPORTANT BUILDINGS!
I'M GOING TO CALL THE ELECTRICAL MAINTENANCE COMPANY AND HAVE ON THAT TRUCK.
YES, TORCH--- I WANT SOME INFORMATION ON THE BEING MADE AROUND THE CAPITOL BUILDING.
WHAT? NONE? ARE YOU SURE? --- THANK YOU- GOODBYE!
TORO, THOSE MEN ARE PHONIES --- I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO UNCOVER SOME EVIL PLOT!
LET'S SEARCH THIS FELLOW!
A THOROUGH SEARCH REVEALS ---
WHAT'S THAT?
A BUSINESS CARD--

ALTO GARAGE
66 RACE ST. N.W.
TORCH AND TORO FLAME UP AND SPEED FOR THE ALTO GARAGE.
IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO, TORO.
THAT'S WAY OVER ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN, AIN'T IT?
MEANWHILE, MOONFACE HAS REACHED THE GARAGE!...
DER TORCH KNOWS-HERE HE COMES!
VOT DO VE DO, HERR MOONFACE?
CLEAR DER FLOOR-QUICK! VE VELCOME DEM BOOT!
A-VE ARE READY FOR DEM!
-OUTSIDE, SECONDS LATER-
FLAME OFF TORO. WE'LL PROCEED WITH CAUTION!
DO YOU SUPPOSE WE'LL FIND ANYTHING, TORCH?
DON'T KNOW YET! HEY-THE DOOR'S OPEN!
MAYBE IT'S A TRAP!
NIGHT DOOR
THERE AIN'T A SOUL AROUND!
I DON'T LIKE IT, TORCH!

WHEN, SUDDENLY THE FLOOR BENEATH THEM YAWNS OPEN...
A TRAP!
WHA—!
... AND THE TWO FLAME MASTERS DROP INTO A THICK-WALLED GLASS TANK.
WHAT IN—! WHERE ARE WE?
OOPS!
HA! YOU'RE THE MAN I'VE BEEN CHASING! HOORAY, I BELIEVE IS THE NAME... C'MON, TORCH! LET'S BURN THROUGH AND IT!
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. NOTICE THE PRESSURE! COMPRESSED OXYGEN, TORCH!
HAH! WELCOME, TORCH AND TORDO! YOU SEE, WE ARE READY FOR YOU!
HE'S KIDDING TORCH! LET'S FLAME AND GET THOSE MUGS!
NO TORDO—HE IS RIGHT—TAKE A DEEP BREATH—
UMM— OUCH! MY EARS!
YES! AND THE MINUTE WE FLAME—HE'S BLOW THIS PLACE OFF THE MAP!

YOU ARE QUITE BRILLIANT, TORCH!
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, ELASTO, WOOFACE?
PERHAPS DER GOOD YOULL EXPLAIN!
HUH? I DON'T GET IT!
I DO!
REMEMBER THE SEWER? THERE MUST BE TWO BOMBS CONNECTED WITH THE CABLES OF EVERY OFFICIAL BUILDING IN WASHINGTON!
AND, TORCH? THE PRESIDENT!
DAS IS RIGHT! IN TEN MINUTES DER PRESIDENT UND DER CONGRESS VILL BE NO MORE. HA-HA! HEETHER VILL DER TORCH UND DER
YOU CAN'T, TORCH!
YELL ALL YOU LIKE - NOW DER CONFUSION OF DER VORLD VILL CRUSH YOU BOTH TO DEATH!
OOH! IT HURTS, TORCH!
HOLD TIGHT, KID!
HA! HA! DAS IS DER FINAL TRIUMPH FOR DER FATHERLAND!
"DERO! WE'VE GOT TO FLAME!" - THE PRESIDENT - WASHINGTON - OHIO - -

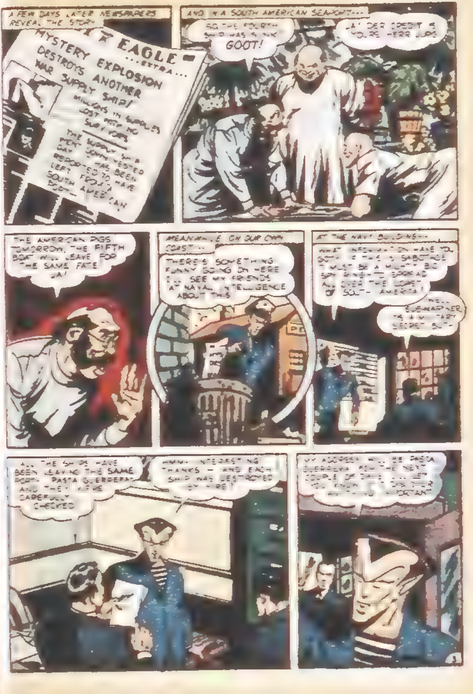

I'LL JUST PRESS MY FINGER AGAINST THE GLASS AND FLAME--- IT SHOULD CRACK...
THE HUGE GLASS CYLINDER SPLITS ASUNDER WITH A ROAR!
TORCH AND TORO TUMBLE TO THE GROUND!
WORKED! WE'RE ALIVE!
GOSH WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY WEREN'T WE KILLED?
MOST OF THE OXYGEN ESCAPED THROUGH THE CRACK
WELL THOSE NAZIS WEREN'T HURT EITHER
NO--JUST DAZED


I GUESS THAT CLOCK'S OUT OF COMMISSION. WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEIR BOMBS. SO, LET'S ROUND UP THE TRAMPS!
TORCH AND TORO GO INTO FLAMING ACTION...
DROP YOUR GUNS AND BACK UP AGAINST THAT WALL!
WE DO VAT THEY SAY
MAKE IT SNAPPY
THAT'S IT, BUT— TORCH, WHERE'S MOONFACE?
WATCH THESE SPIES TORO I'LL GET HIM...
DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OF SETTING THOSE BOMBS OFF?
THERE IS TORO. A SHORT CIRCUIT WOULD DO IT
BUT, MOONFACE HAS NOT ESCAPED—HE IS BURIED BENEATH THE RUBBLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLODING TANK...
UHH—VAT HAPPENED! OH—DER CLOCK IS BROKE! I MUST FIX DER CLOCK!
THE HALF-DAZED NAZI REACHES FOR THE TIMING DEVICE.
JA I FIX IT—DEN DER FUEHRER REWARDS ME. HA I REACH IT NOW.
BUT TORO SEES THE MOVEMENT IN THE DEBRIS AND
TORCH! HERE'S MOONFACE— TORCH!

TORCH RACES TOWARDS MOONFACE—
HE'S GOING FOR THE WIRES NOW!
THE CLOCK'S USELESS! I MAKE A SHORT CIRCUIT!
TORCH MAKES A LEAP FOR THE MAD MADMAN.
TOO LATE, TORCH! HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE TOO LATE!
BUT BEFORE THE EXPOSED WIRES CAN BE BRIDGED TOGETHER...
HMMMM! HE BURNED THEM— THEY ARE TOO HOT TO REACH!
NOW, GET OVER THERE AND JOIN YOUR PLAYMATES!
NEIN—NEIN! I HAVE FAILED!
THE FRANTIC NAZI REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE WRONG WIRES— ELECTROCUTING HIMSELF!
MOMENTS LATER...
NEXT STOP 55 FSI: HEADQUARTERS. TORO THIS CHARRED MAP I FOUND ON MOONFACE'S BODY SHOWS WHERE THE BOMBS ARE SET
AND, LATER...
YEAH, SAY SO... I SUPPOSE WE MAY GET TWO MEDALS NOW?
WE'RE A LIT-TLE LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENT, TORO, BUT I GUESS WE'LL BE FORGIVEN
TORCH AND TORO WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL WITH ANOTHER FLAMING STORY OF WILD ADVENTURE! MEANWHILE YOU CAN EARN A FEW MEDALS OF YOUR OWN BY BUYING WAR BONDS and STAMPS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

SUB-MARINER
DEAD MEN DON'T TALK!

STRANGE, DREADFUL TERROR BREAKS OUT
CAPTAIN! FIRE STARTING DOWN NUMBER THREE HOLD AND SPREADING FAST!
WHA—! #3 HOLD IS STORED WITH AMMUNITION!
ALL HANDS BELOW DECK FIRE IN THREE HOLD
BOOM
SPEEDS TO THE SPOT



A FEW DAYS LATER NEWSPAPERS REVEAL THE STORY
EAGLE ...EXTRA...
MYSTERY EXPLOSION DESTROYS ANOTHER WAR SUPPLY SHIP!
AND IN A SOUTH AMERICAN SEAPORT...
GOOT!
THE AMERICAN PIGS TOMORROW, THE FIFTH BOAT WILL LEAVE FOR THE SAME FATE JA!
MEANWHILE ON OUR OWN COAST...
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON HERE I'LL SEE MY FRIENDS AT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THIS
AT THE NAVY BUILDING...
SUBMARINER
THANKS — AND EACH SHIP WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE?
CHECKED

SUB-MARINER
GEE, THANKS PROFESSOR. WE'LL BE THERE

SUB-MARINER
THE PLANTS ARE ALL READY
STEVEDORES
HA-HA-HA
HA-HA!
OWW!
OOOF!
TH-THE SUB-MARINER!

SUB-MARINER
LET ME DOWN!
HE MUST BE STOPPED! KILL HIM!
WHIRLING DERVISH
HARD!

ACH!

LATER HE DESCENDS TO THE
SMART SCHEME
HITLER!
WE KNOW WHAT TO DO HEIL HITLER!
OOOOH MY HEAD!
QUICK
WHACK!
SUB-MARINER'S

THE FREIGHTER!
CRACK!

SUB-MARINER CLIMBS ABOARD
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST CAPTAIN
YOU'VE GOT SOME PLANTS ABOARD THAT LOOK HARMLESS BUT MAY BLOW UP THE SHIP ANY SECOND
PLANTS! WHY-
BOARD—FAST!
INCENDIARIES
WHAAA???
SEARCHED THIS CABIN ONCE
SURE
WOW!

IN THE HOLD...
I'LL HANDLE THEM
TNT
SHELLS
POWDER
BUT-- AS HE PICKS THEM UP...
OOOPS! IT'S SIZZLING!
SHELLS
SUB-MARINER

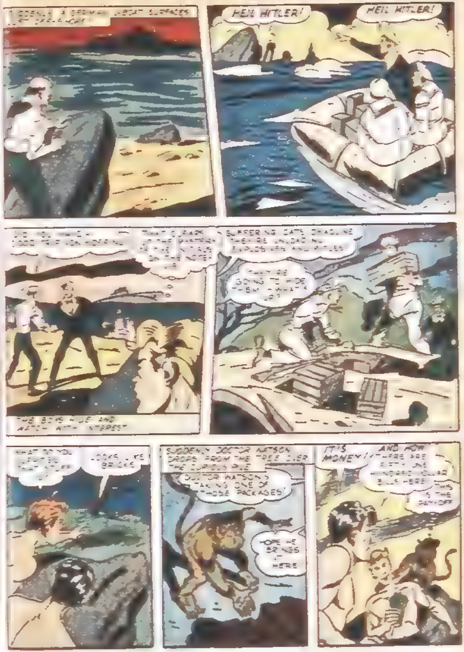
I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS BUT—
SUDDENLY
CRASH!

Terry Vance
HOLY SMOKES!
GREAT SCOT!
WHAT TH'!
FIRE FIRE!
OKAY DEADLINE
THAT'S A CORKING GOOD STORY DEADLINE
I AGREE BOSS. AS A MATTER OF FACT I SHOULD HAVE A RAISE

LISTEN, DEADLINE—FIND OUT WHO STARTED THE FACTORY FIRES, AND YOU'LL GET A RAISE!
THAT RAISE IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
SO, THE NEXT DAY...
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HAVE A TALK WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TOOL FACTORY?
YEAH, MAYBE HE CAN TELL US SOMETHING
I DON'T GET IT!
AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE...
BOYS AS I SEE IT, THE FIRE WAS DUE TO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION THERE WERE ABSOLUTELY NO SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES
JUST ONE MORE QUESTION MR WILSON HAVE YOU TAKEN ON ANY NEW EMPLOYEES RECENTLY?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO— OH, YES! THOMAS MILLER, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, HAS BEEN ON THE PAYROLL ONLY A WEEK
THE BOYS DECIDE TO VISIT MILLER
THERE'S NO SENSE IN BOTHERING MILLER— A MAN WITH A SON IN THE ARMY WOULDN'T START A FIRE IN A WAR PLANT
LET'S SPEAK TO HIM ANYHOW
I WISH I COULD BE OF SOME HELP BUT I REALLY DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE FIRE.
THANKS JUST THE SAME MISTER MILLER
I WAS SURE MILLER WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT
HEY! WAIT FOR ME.

WHAT'S THAT DOCTOR WATSON?
IT'S NOT MY RATION BOOK!
JEEPERS! IT'S A MESSAGE-- IN GERMAN!
TAKE IT TO SCHOOL TOMORROW TERRY. MAYBE MISS FROELICH WILL TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MISS FROELICH TRANSLATES THE NOTE--
MEET US FRIDAY AFTERNOON
THAT AFTERNOON--
I WONDER HOW MILLER WILL EXPLAIN THIS?
I DON'T THINK HE'LL EXPLAIN AT ALL-- HE DOESN'T ANSWER
THE BOYS GO TO THE SIDE YARD--
TERRY-- THE HOUSE IS COMPLETELY EMPTY
MILLER'S GIVEN US THE SLIP
YEAH-- A SLIP OF PAPER
TERRY AND DEADLINE GO STRAIGHT TO THE AIRPLANE FACTORY IN TOWN
MR. SHEEHAN, HAVE ANY EMPLOYEES LEFT THE PLANT RECENTLY?
ONLY THREE. ONE OF OUR MEN WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST COAST BRANCH-- ONE LEFT TO TAKE A WAR COURSE--
AND THE THIRD CHANGE?
FOLLOWING THE FIRE, WE DISCHARGED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, MILLER. WE FELT HE WAS TOO OLD FOR THE JOB

THEIR NEXT STOP IS ANOTHER WAR PLANT--
BUT TERRY THE EVIDENCE IS ENTIRELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL. IT'S TOO OBVIOUS TO BE OF ANY REAL IMPORTANCE
JUST THE SAME I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT. COME ON
BAYARD RADIOS
INSIDE THE FACTORY --
YES, WE HAVE A NEW NIGHT WATCHMAN. OUR OTHER MAN, THOMAS MILLER LEFT AFTER THE FIRE
AND LATER BACK AT THE TOOL PLANT--
MR. WILSON, MAY WE SPEAK TO THOMAS MILLER?
SORRY BOYS, TERRY HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR THE PAST TWO NIGHTS
THE FOLLOWING DAY--
WE'RE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL TERRY. THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF MILLER
WE'LL NOTIFY THE FBI AND LET THEM TAKE OVER. HE PROBABLY SKIPPED. HOW ABOUT A SWIM?
THAT WAS WONDERFUL BUT IT MADE ME SLEEPY
I'M TIRED TOO. LET'S TAKE A REST
THIRTY MINUTES LATER--
GO AWAY DON'T BOTHER ME
CHK-CHK
I WISH I HAD A BAT
DOCTOR WATSON FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN AROUSING TERRY AND DEADLINE
IT'S MILLER
COME ON TERRY, WE WANT TO TALK TO HIM


HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
THE BOYS HIDE AND WATCH WITH INTEREST
LOOKS LIKE BRICKS
SUDDENLY DOCTOR WATSON DROPS FROM THE TREE OVER THE CURIOUS PILE
DOCTOR WATSON'S TAKING ONE OF THOSE PACKAGES!
HOPE HE BRINGS IT HERE
IT'S MONEY!
THIS IS THE PAYOFF

ABER MITMEIN ..

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER
TERRY VANCE, DEADLINE, AND
DOCTOR WATSON
MARVEL

THE LAST [illegible] OUT

"HIT THE GRIT, bum! Hit the grit!"

Dan saw the up-raised hand and knew he didn't stand a chance. He'd never hopped a train like this before. It was his initial attempt, and a poor one, at that. The burly figure swung down the ladder and next instant Dan hit the grit!

As he came to a groggy stop at the foot of the embankment in the weeds and bushes Dan decided that it wouldn't happen again. Slowly, cautiously he felt bruised arms and legs. Nothing seemed broken.

"How d'you like that!" A burly figure followed the voice out of the woods. "Is that any way to shake a rattler?"

Dan got cautiously up. "Darned if I know. I'm sure it wasn't the right way."

"What you need is a lesson—"

"No thanks!" Dan dusted cinders from his clothes. His feet hurt, his arms hurt, skin was gone from his shoulder and jaw.

The big stranger chuckled. "You'll learn in time. Where y'bound?"

"City," Dan admitted shortly. He thought of the long trip, how uncomfortable it had been riding. His eyes felt puffed and sore from gravel and dust, his only pair of pants were ripped right where they shouldn't be. Maybe he should have stayed home, after all. "Guess I can hoof it from here," Dan muttered. "Try and get some sleep first—"

"Come along," the big man commanded. "You'll get some sleep and grub. I'll take care of that."

Later, at the "camp," Dan ate a concoction of meat and vegetables rolled into one. It wasn't stew, not the kind he'd eaten. It could have passed for anything, and right then Dan wasn't particular. He ate it and thought of his room at home and wondered why he hadn't waited till he'd scraped up bus fare.

Sam was a big guy. Dan half dozed later and listened to them whispering together, Sam and his pal, Spike. Their clothes were shabby, dirty.

Later Sam shuffled over and dropped down beside Dan. "Kind of got the dirty end of it, huh? Been on the road long?"

Dan hesitated, feeling sleepy and comfortable and at the same time leery. "About as long as I'm going to be," he announced finally. "There must be easier ways of traveling . . . or at least of getting kicked off."

Sam rolled a cigarette from scrapings in the bottom of his pocket. It was full of lint and fuzz. "Plenty of us on our uppers nowadays," Sam growled, licking the flap of paper and rolling the cigarette shut. "Spike and I know what it's like."

"I suppose you're used to it."

Sam got a light from a smoldering twig. "Sure," he said. "We're old timers. But one of these days Spike and me are gonna clean up. In fact, that day's about here. We've been thinking, kid—" Sam paused.

DAN FELT his heart thicken. He listened to the lonesome sound of the wind in the bushes around them. They tended to clean up. But how. Sam said, "Suppose . . . could use a couple of bucks . . ."

Dan said cautiously, "Guess so. What's up?"

Sam answered indirectly. "We're business men, . . . Spike?"

Spike nodded but didn't speak. Dan peered toward . . . through the thickening gloom realizing that Spike might . . . suspicious. He looked sour, disapproving.

But what could their "business" be? Dan tried not to think. He wished they'd go wherever they slept and let him do the same. Tomorrow, . . . he found out what they were doing . . .

Sam said, "Yep. We're business men now. After all these years of getting kicked around."

"How about the draft? How'd you miss that?"

Sam chuckled. "Easy. . . . didn't report. We—. . . around a good deal, kid." . . . snapped a stone into the . . . "We'll be moving again in a couple of days. Only not on . . . like we used to. This . . . we'll be inside. Taking it easy, hey Spike?"

"Guess so," Spike admitted.

Sam said, "Rest up, kid. We'll talk business tomorrow."

IN THE MORNING D. . . didn't like it any better. They two were going to do something wrong and Dan decided that . . . didn't want any part of it. The smell of the bottom land, heavy with dew, reminded him of home. Sam got the wood fire going. The smell of coffee . . . going . . . Dan back sharply to other . . .

Sam came over after breakfast to say. "I'll be gone a spell, kid. You stay right here with Spike. He'll know what to do if anything happens."

It was chilly and Dan hung around the fire, keeping warm. Later the sun came up and the smell from the woods was warm and fragrant with young birch. Spike flopped down on the ground. He smoked and asked cautious questions, and Dan knew Spike didn't like the idea of having him along. Dan wished that he hadn't stayed. But something kept him now. He cautiously answered Spike's inquiries. Spike was smart, probably the brains back of whatever scheme they had cooked up.

Finally he seemed satisfied. He dozed off and Dan sat there nursing the fire with twigs and bits of branches. Once in a while he heard the sound of a train in the distance. He could tell the difference between the slow-moving freights and the faster limiteds that roared by along the gully and away into the distance. Dan wished he was on one of them, headed for the city, where a guy, a young guy had a chance of finding something. He hated to think of the folks back home. They'd be worried stiff for a while—

Sam came back. Spike woke up and they went into a conference. Dan heard Sam say everything was fixed and that they'd do their stuff tonight.

Dan knew they were going to pull something crooked and wished more than ever that he'd beat it. It would be an easy matter to slip away, especially now that it was dark. Spike and Sam were ahead along the trail. The bundle Dan was lugging was heavy as blazes. It would be easy to put it down and step off into the dark. . . .

The sound of a train coughing up grade came to Dan. Then it stopped with a gradual sigh and when Dan crept up to the lip of the gully he saw the train sprawled out below along the siding. Away in the distance came the sound of another train, a faster one. But this was the one Sam and Spike were interested in— .

"Okay, kid." Sam snapped. "Follow me. Step on it!"

Dan tumbled down the bank. He saw Sam dart forward, saw him working feverishly with a jimmy at the door of a box car

THE GROUND BEGAN to shake with the thunder of the approaching train. The doorlock snapped and Sam strained to thrust the door open. He clawed his way inside, turned to show a blotch of a face

"Gimme the stuff!" Sam rasped. "Phew! This place stinks. Medicine—"

Dan gripped the make-shift handle of his bag with sweating hands. Whatever it was . . . explosives maybe . . .

"Gimme it!" Sam snarled, leaning out. "For Pete's sake—"

From the bank above them came the sound of a brief shrill whistle. It was a signal. Sam twisted his ugly head to stare down the gully

"Spike!" Sam snarled. "Guard coming! Check with 'em! Blow this rattler sky high! Gimme that stuff. Here—"

Dan came erect lifting the bundle. He was dazed, shaking. Sam leaned down, grabbed it and disappeared—

Dan leaped forward, catching at the corner of the heavy door, flinging his weight against it. It rolled and he snatched up the jimmy and got the lock back into place, battered it into its socket. It wouldn't stop anyone from outside, but from inside . . .

Sam wouldn't dare blow it up! Dan hurled himself up the bank and along the lip—

Spike showed up before him and Dan hit home hard. Spike swore and went tumbling end over end. He came erect and met Dan as he charged. Spike fought silently, craftily, as Dan had known he would. Dan had the advantage and struggled to keep it. They twisted free out on the lip and Dan saw Spike's face before him, a dirty white smudge against the black of the night. Dan drove his fist into it with everything he had. Spike went spinning over the lip, dislodging a veritable avalanche as he went.

With Spike carefully bound, Dan marched back into the village. It was further than he'd expected. He was surrounded by a mob, out of which presently emerged the sheriff. Later they were in a dinky office. The sheriff faced them, questioning Dan, who told what had happened.

"Y'gotta get word to the railroad people somehow!" Dan chattered. "Sam's got the . . . the explosives. He'll blow it up!"

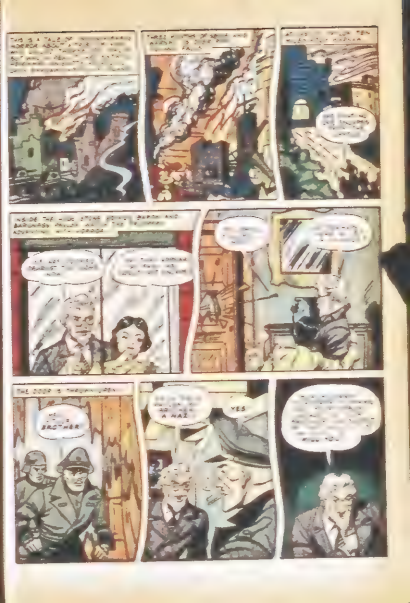
"Take it easy," the sheriff said. He went away to a phone and later returned. He was grinning. "Everything'll be all right, son. They won't have any trouble with Sam when they stop to take him off. He'll be stiff—"

"What're you talking about?" Dan chattered, wiping dusty sweat from his forehead. "The explosives—"

"Sam was trying to blow the train up," the sheriff admitted. "You're in the clear. But Sam . . . we . . that car you locked him in. He said it stunk of medicine. It was medicine! Sam picked a car loaded with cyanide of potassium! No matter how you pack that stuff, in a confined space like the box car there's enough fumes to knock a guy cold. It'll be a sure cure for Sam!"

The End.

THE ...
VISION



OW!
BANG
HER TO THE FIRE
STOP

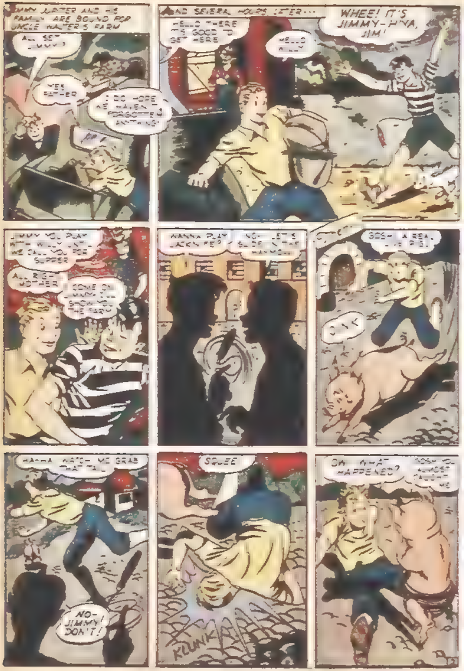
OW!
BANG

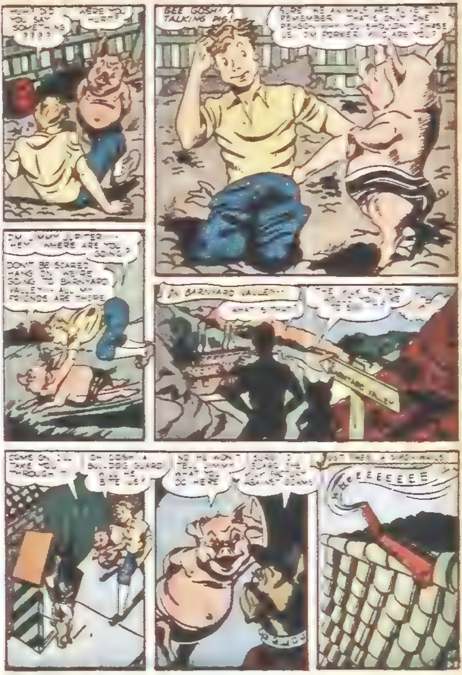
JAWOHL!
OH-OH

THE FANATIC SOLDIERS LEAD THEM TO THE BRINK OF THE FLAMES
FASTER
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN STOP!
BEHIND A PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF SMOKE A GRIM FIGURE WATCHES THE INCARNATE SCENE
A HUGE VOLUME OF DENSE SMOKE EMERGES FROM THE VISION'S BODY
THEY MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER
SMOKE
THE VISION APPEARS AT THE SIDE OF THE BARON AND BARONESS
IT IS YOUR FRIEND THE VISION FOLLOW ME TO LIBERTY
THE VISION LEADS THEM SAFELY OUT OF THE SMOKE
YOU HAVE OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE!
BLESS YOU

MEANWHILE...
HERR KAPITAN GET US OUT!
(COUGH) FIND YOUR OWN WAY, FOOLS (COUGH)
YOUR CORPORAL, MEIN KAPITAN, I HAVE COME TO LEAD YOU TO SAFETY!
THE SOLDIERS LINE UP AND FOLLOW THE VISION.
THAT'S IT-THIS WAY AND YOU'LL BE OUT OF THE SMOKE!
HURRY VERDAMMT! (COUGH)
TO THE FIRE PIT!
NOW RUN!
HELP! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED-YAHHHH!
IT WAS DER VISION-HE LEAD US INTO THE FIRE! YEEEEEE!
TO YOUR EARTHLY DEATHS, FOOLS!
BREATHE FREE AIR ONCE MORE
OUT OF THE FIRE OF FREEDOM THAT BURNS BRIGHTLY IN EVERY MAN'S HEART THE VISION FIGURE OF RIGHT AND GOOD RISES TO CONQUER

Jimmy
JUPITER
JIMMY JUPITER
by Hatto


WHEE! IT'S JIMMY-HIYA, JIM!
SQUEE
NO-JIMMY! DON'T!
KLUNK

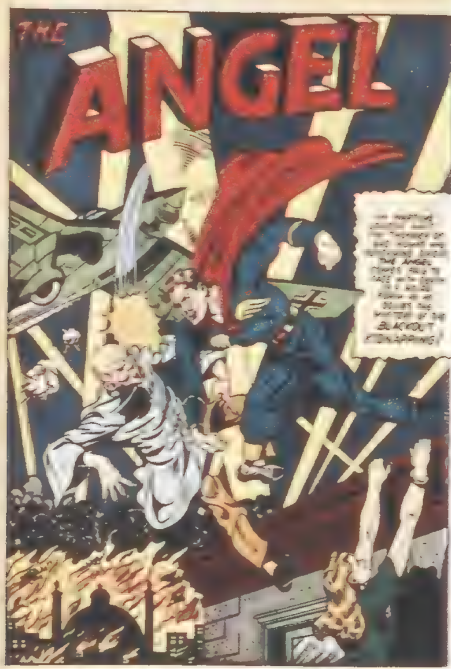

GEE GOSH! A TALKING PIG!
DON'T BE SCARED
IN BARNYARD VALLEY...

YES, SEE---
GOSH THAT WAS WONDERFUL

HOLY MACKERAL!
GEE GOSH
MAJESTIES THE JEEPER IS COMING
THE JEEPER!
OH GOODNESS!

LOOK HE'S GOING AFTER IT!
IT CAN'T DO THAT TO ME

HEY, COME BACK HERE YOU RUNAWAY TIN HORSE
THREE CHEERS FOR JIMMY


THE ANGEL

I MUST WARN HIM OF HIS DANGER
MAYBE
YOU THINK THEY TRY TO GET ME-FORCE DAD TO TALK THAT WAY
SO YOU SAY THE CAR DOES BELONG TO YOUR FATHER MISS CARTERET
YES YOU KNOW ANGEL, I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT-SOME ONE CLOSE TO MY FATHER'S RESPONSIBLE ELSE, HOW WOULD THEY KNOW HE HAD VITAL INFORMATION
KONK!
OW!

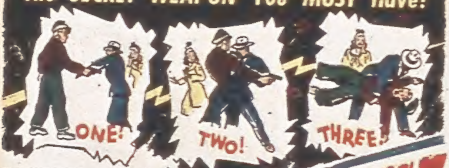
THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE IN TROUBLE
THE BLOW AND THE FALL KNOCK ANGEL OUT THEN WHEN HE COMES TO—
WHOOSH!
FISKE ENTERS AT THAT MOMENT
FORCE ME TO USE PERSUASION ON YOUR DAUGHTER?
YOU BEAST! YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
PERHAPS THE NOISE OF OUR GUNS FRIGHTENS THE POOR MADMAN EH WHAT'S THAT?
AN AIR RAID LISTEN

SAVE MY DAUGHTER ANGEL!
OOH! HELP!
LET ME GO PUT ME DOWN
STOP!

HOWEVER HIGH ABOVE THEM...
WE ARE OVER LONDON NOW, PREPARE TO DROP YOUR LOAD
LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT! MUST BE A FIRE... WE AIM AT THAT!
AND AS THE NAZI DIVE BOMBER SWOOPS LOW OVERHEAD TO DROP ITS MESSAGES OF DEATH— ANGEL LEAPS!
I'VE GOT YOU, BENNY! HAND ONTO ME WHILE I GET THE REST OF OUR FRIENDS HERE!
AGHRR
I'LL USE MY CAPE... IT WILL ACT AS A PARACHUTE!
GEEK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO...
LOOK, ANGEL! THAT PLANE!

ANGEL AND THE GIRL FLOAT GENTLY TO THE GROUND----
AS SOON AS WE LAND, RUN FOR THE WALL AND LIE FLAT!
HURRY, ANGEL!
WOW!
OH-HOW AWFUL!
THE ANGEL LAUNCHES A RESCUE SQUAD---
YOUR FATHER WAS IN THE CELLAR--I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT?
HELP! HELP!
THAT'S FATHER'S VOICE!
AND A LITTLE LATER--
YOUR BROTHER, THE BUTLER, AND THAT MAN, FISKE, ARE DEAD!
IT'S JUST AS WELL FOR THEM AND FOR MY BROTHER--HE'D BEEN A MENTAL CASE SINCE HE WAS THROWN FROM A HORSE YEARS AGO.
FOR SOME IMAGINED SLIGHT, HE HATED ME AND FISKE HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE FROM THE ASYLUM, HOPING TO SCARE ME INTO TALKING!
OH, YES--AND NOW FOR THE INFORMATION I WANT!
THE FRENCH, DUTCH, BELGIAN AND NORWEGIAN UNDERGROUNDS ARE PREPARING FOR THE INVASION. THEY'LL BE READY IN ANOTHER MONTH--
GOOD WORK--BY THE END OF THE MONTH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IMMEDIATELY
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL NOW FALLS OVER HITLERLAND--SO BEWARE, NAZIS!
NEXT MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS
THE ANGEL WILL ADVANCE FEARLESSLY INTO WAR-TORN EUROPE, TO INSPIRE THE CONQUERORS WITH FEAR.

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



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4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
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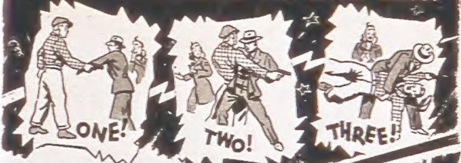

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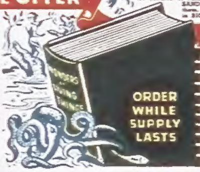

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